

JUSTICE(1) Batman: Under the Red Hood

by Floop23

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Summary: It is a time of peace. Villains are either in prison or hiding in fear from the Batman, to whom the city are thankful for. However, one villain rises from the ashes to challenge the Dark Knight on a completely different level, leaving Batman wondering one question; Who is the Red Hood?

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

A group of armed men began loading large, wooden crates from a nearby ship into several trucks. One thug walked over to the edge of the wharf and took a puff from his cigarette, gazing out over the bay and at Metropolis, which was lit up like a Christmas tree, its neon lights reflecting off of the water.

"What do ya reckon he does during the night?" asked Taco before throwing his cigarette bud into the bay. "Ya know, Superman? Any ideas Winston?"

"Suppose he sleeps," replied Winston as he closed a truck. "He's kinda like the Bat, except he fights us kinda guys during the night."

"Don't forget he's one scary guy," said Steven. "Seriously, I'd rather take on a super powered alien from another planet any day of the week than take on the Bat. At least Superman doesn't break your arms and legs in several places."

"Have any of you guys noticed that Batman's kinda gotten a bit more, well, violent?" asked Winston, hesitating slightly. "Like, more than usual?"

"Now that you mention it, he almost killed Jerry 'The Kid' the other night," replied Taco curiously. "You know, that chump from Joker's gang."

"I heard that the clown killed Robin about eighteen months back," muttered Tyler quietly so that only the other three could hear. "Beat and tortured the kid for months then just blew up a warehouse with him inside."

"Man that's dark, even for Joker," said Taco, slightly disgusted.

"Reckon that's why the Bat is super violent now?" asked Steven. "Cause he's super pissed?"

"I reckon so..."

"Curious question, what's in these crates?" asked a nearby thug, breaking up the conversation.

"Dunno," replied Steven. "All I know is that they're going to Metropolis."

The final crate was loaded and the thugs all got ready to leave the docks. All splitting up, the thugs got into different trucks and cars and, one by one, left the area.

There was a loud roar, causing the thugs to look outside their windows, holding their guns in vice like grips. Suddenly, a large, monster like shadow crashed through the wall of a nearby warehouse, several stories high. The shadow dropped to the ground and blue lights lit up from in front of it.

"Oh shit, it's the Bat!" squealed Steven as he smashed the back window and fired his gun at The Batmobile, which followed the trucks and cars closely.

"Master Wayne, thermal scans show that there's at least a minimum of four of Mr Cobblepot's men in each vehicle," announced Alfred in Batman's earpiece. "Might I suggest using the immobilisers Mr Fox has equipped to prevent... huh, casualties?"

"As you wish Alfred," chuckled Batman as he drifted around a corner, firing an immobiliser at a car and causing it to flip into a nearby decrepit boat.

"Drive faster!" yelled Taco before a hail of bullets were fired from two machine guns that were mounted on both sides of the Batmobile. The tires of the car popped and the driver came to a stop.

As he drove past the car, Batman pressed a button on the dashboard and a winch was fired from behind his infamous vehicle and attached itself to the car. The thugs inside screamed in fright as Batman dragged them along for the ride.

The back of an empty truck opened and a thug aimed a rocket launcher at the Batmobile. Batman looked around for a way out of the situation before he noticed a loading ramp. He pressed another button and the afterburners were activated. The Batmobile hit the ramp and launched itself into the air, the car in tow not far behind. The thug fired the rocket launcher, missing the Batmobile. The Dark Knight flipped a switch and released the winch from the car, which fell and crashed into the side of the truck, which flipped onto its side and skidded

to a halt.

The Batmobile landed, drifting slightly before Batman regained control and continued his chase with the thugs, who had driven out into the city. Drivers on the road honked their horns as the thugs weaved in and out of traffic, closely followed by Batman and a helicopter for GCN, who had just arrived at the chase.

"We're not gonna lose him!" roared Winston as his bullets bounced off of the Batmobile. "The son of a bitch won't leave us alone!"

"Then kill the bastard!" roared back Taco. "Penguin will kill us if we fail!"

Batman pushed the throttle forward and the Batmobile gained more speed. Suddenly, the cockpit opened and Batman launched himself into the air, leaving his beloved car on autopilot and taking to the air before dropping down on top of a car.

The Dark Knight punched the driver's window and stuck his hand inside, searching for the steering wheel while fighting back other hands. Once he found it, Batman jerked the wheel to the left, forcing the car to flip over. He jumped off and fired his grapnel gun at the remaining truck, the one he had his eyes on the whole time, and fired his tool.

"Hey boss?" said Chris into a phone as he watched the Batmobile chase them. "I don't wanna alarm you or anything, but the Bat vanished."

"Just because you can't see him, doesn't mean he can't see you," said Penguin on the other end. "Watch out for the slippery bastard and kill him, cause if you don't I'll gut you like a fish and dig your eyeballs out with a spoon! Got it?"

Chris never got to reply. Batman had swung down from on top of the truck and into the back, kicking Chris and sending him flying backwards, knocking him out. The Caped Crusader climbed back out onto the rooftop and made his way over to the front of the truck. He smashed the windscreen with a powerful punch, causing the driver to panic and drive into a garbage facility. Batman, knowing that the truck was about to smash into a garbage truck, expanded his cape and glided off of the truck and landed onto the ground, watching the vehicle crash into the garbage truck, both of which caught on fire.

The driver kicked the door open and fell out of the truck, coughing from the smoke. He looked up and saw Batman slowly approaching him. Panicking, the driver drew a gun from his holster and aimed it at the Dark Knight.

"Stop right there Batman!" yelled the driver. "I'm not afraid to shoot you."

"I know you're not," growled the Detective and he continued to approach.

"Stop!" yelled the driver, sweating slightly. "Stop!"

The driver began shaking, too afraid to shoot Batman, who grabbed the

driver's wrist, forcing him to drop the weapon, before snapping it. The driver howled in pain, though he was quickly silenced. Batman punched him in the head and dropped the now knocked out thug.

Batman looked around and walked towards the truck. He grabbed hold of the crate and dragged it out vehicle with incredibly amount of strength before it blew up, alongside the garbage truck. Panting slightly, he pressed a finger to his ear piece.

"Alfred, I'm heading back now," growled Batman.

"I take it you stopped Penguin's men then sir," said Alfred. "I'll shall expect you back at the cave soon."

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

One by one each crime lord took a seat along a table, muttering to one another as they waited for the meeting to commence. Each crime lord had voted to have the meeting in the old warehouse on Bleake Island, hopefully away from prying eyes and ears, hoping more that a certain shadow wasn't looking above them in the rafters.

Once all the crime lords were seated, Carmine Falcone leaned forward to address the entire table, clearing his throat as he did so.

"We all know why we're here," announced Falcone. "Last night around nine Mr Cobblepot's men were transferring a crate to a special buyer in Metropolis. However, the transfer was intercepted by a certain someone..."

"The son of a bitch needs to die!" yelled Penguin suddenly, banging his fist on the table, catching the others off guard. "No one steals with me and gets away with it!"

"That's nothing," said Sal Maroni down the other end of the table. "Batman took down a whole warehouse full of my men last week, put them all in hospital."

Each crime lord raised their voices, attempting to talk over one another. Suddenly, the sound of a machine gun was fired, echoing throughout the entire warehouse. Every crime lord fell silent as they looked for the person who fired the weapon.

"You know what the problem with all of you is? You're all bark and no bite."

The sounds of footsteps echoed as a shadowy figure approached the table, throwing away a machine gun. Two thugs standing guard approached the figure, only to have it stab each thug in the neck with a bowie knife. The crime lords watched intensely as the figure slammed the knife into the table.

"The only way to kill the Batman is to hit him where it really hurts," said the figure, who turned out to be a man wearing an assortment of body armour, which was covered with a white jacket with a red hood attached, which fell over a red, metallic helmet the man was wearing over his head, giving him a mysterious look. An

assortment of tools hung from his pants; smoke and impact grenades, two Desert Eagle handguns on each side, a sleeve for his knife, and a pouch for throwing knives. A strange device hung from the belt, shaped like a gun, but with a grappling hook sticking out. A grapnel gun. The man also carried a duffle bag on his shoulder.

"Who do you think you are, barging into this meeting?" demanded Falcone. "Do you know who I am?"

"Carmine Falcone, head of the Falcone Crime Family," replied the man smugly. "Gotham's most powerful crime lord. Well, was..."

"I still am," growled Falcone between gritted teeth.

"Last time I checked Roman Sionis was," said the man.

"What do you want?" asked Maroni calmly.

"Starting now there's gonna be some changes," replied the man. "Black Mask runs the drug trade, giving only you ugly mugs fifteen percent in exchange for a truce and backup. From now on, that fifteen percent goes to me."

"You must be friggin' joking!" yelled Penguin.

"Does it look like I am?" asked the man. "Maybe if you shut your fat mouth for once I can finish what I have to say. Is that cool with everyone?"

The crime lords muttered and the man pulled the knife out from the table and placed it in its sleeve.

"You give me fifteen percent, I'll give you eighty five," said the man simply. "As well as protection from me. If I take out Black Mask, Gotham is free for the taking. That's a sweeter deal than the one Black Mask is offering."

"How do we know you can get the job done?" asked Falcone.

The man coughed and threw the duffle bag onto the table. The crime lords all stood up and Maroni unzipped the bag, only to find that there were several decapitated heads inside. Several crime lords heaved, the others muttered to one another with disgusted, slightly scared faces.

"Those are some of the heads of those who couldn't make it to this afternoon's meeting," said the man. "That was fifteen minutes. My deal isn't up for negotiation, so unless you want to see what I can get done in five minutes, you'll comply. No takers? Good."

"What about the Bat?" asked Maroni as he sipped the bag back up. "You mentioned that you know how to kill him?"

"Leave Batman to me," said the man. "First, Black Mask, then the Bat."

"What's the catch?" asked Chechin.

"No catch whatsoever," replied the man. "However, I ask for one thing, and that's unlimited resources from you Mr

Cobblepot."

"Done," said Penguin, willing to comply if that means he could live.

"Oh, and one more thing. If I find out you sell anymore drugs to kids, I'll hunt you down and rip your fingers off before a use your own leg to beat you to death. ComprendÃ©?"

"Wait," exclaimed Falcone as the man began to leave. "If you want us to work with you, we need to know your name at least."

"The Red Hood."

End
file.